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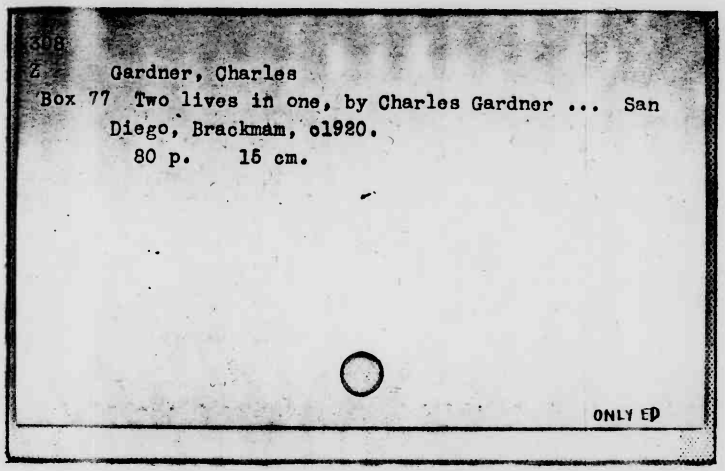

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Two Lives in One

by

Charles Gardner

PREFACE

In putting this little book before the public, I wish to bring out clearly, that it is not for the purpose of bringing myself into notoriety, nor is it for the sake of self-aggrandisement. My real purpose for writing this book is to encourage those who have become blind, and apparently helpless, by showing that there is a compensation in life, at the present time, for all our infirmities. It seems to be necessary for those who are blind or otherwise handicapped, to make a superhuman effort to make something out of themselves.

The first beginnings, though they are small, will require the greatest effort. It must be borne in mind that all progress is from the little to the great. It will require much time and patience to reach a point in life where all can share the good things of life equally. We do not all enjoy the same thing; one likes one thing

and someone else, another. Life is so vast, that when one source of enjoyment is cut off, there can be other avenues opened up and cultivated to just as great a degree of efficiency.

I do not wish to raise false hopes in the minds of those who are handicapped, but I will say that to get the most out of life one must keep active mentally. It is the running stream that purifies itself. If it were not for the hopes that I entertained I would have died long ago of despair.

This book has not been written from dictation but has been typed by the author, who learned the use of the typewriter after becoming blind.

Two Lives in One

by

Charles Gardner

3938 Arizona Street
San Diego, California

Gift of Chas Gardner
MAR 20

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216 WEST F STREET, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

19 April 1920 Jrn

CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER I.

I have been told by those who have a right to know, that I was born on the 16th day of January, 1870. I must have been very young at that time, as I have not the faintest recollection of how I looked or how I felt, or anything about it. Several years passed before the things I felt or saw or heard, found their way deep enough into my memory for me to retain them, after a lapse of nearly fifty years.

We lived in what was, at that time, called The West. It was west of the Mississippi River in the State of Minnesota. I remember the little old log house on the top of a hill in which I was born. There was a cool running spring, a hundred yards or so down the hill from the house. I might well remember it because I had to carry water from that spring up the hill to the house. The buckets the little chap used were not very

heavy, but they seemed always to gain in weight with every step. There was another small stream of water not more than half a mile from the house, that we used to call a creek. That stream ran at the foot of a high bluff heavily timbered with oak, pine, sugar-maple, hickory, and other kinds of wood.

I remember that there were trout in the creek that used to find their way into the frying pan; and there were deep pools in it just deep enough to drown a boy who could not swim. One day I fell in and had all the sensations of drowning, but was pulled out in time to save my life. It is not so hard to die of drowning as it is some other ways, for one soon goes to sleep.

I remember that there was a great deal of timber not far from our house. There were timber wolves in that country at that time. At night when those wolves came close to the edge of the woods and howled, it was then I covered my head with the bed

clothes and shivered. In the winter there was much snow and ice, and there were plenty of hills to slide down on our little home-made sleds; and there were plenty of trees for sleds to run into if they were not steered aright; and hitting a tree sometimes meant a sore head or a broken arm, or something of the kind.

In the fall of the year there used to be a great time when the nuts were ripe; there were black walnuts, butter-nuts, hickory-nuts, and hazel-nuts, as many as we wanted to gather. At that time the farms were few and far between, and many miles from a city; even a number of miles from a village, so that there was no sale for nuts of any kind.

When I was a very little chap, children were not called "kids", little boys were generally called "bub". I remember that my parents were very strict about the Sabbath day. There was no work done on the Sabbath Day! and there was no playing on the Sabbath Day! there was no going

for plums nor gathering nuts nor anything else that would be agreeable for a boy to do; the youngster had to stay in the house and sit on a chair and be very good on the Sabbath Day! It was a dull day for a small boy; no sleigh riding in winter; no fishing in summer. That sitting still all day may have been rest to some people, but to me it was the hardest kind of work. It never really impressed itself upon my mind why a boy should be deprived of all his playthings, even if it were a day of rest; it never used to make me tired to play and I did not want any rest.

When a little fellow I was very much afraid of the darkness; there were two reasons for that, one was the fear of wild beasts, for one heard many stories of little children being carried off by a panther or some other wild animal; the other reason was the fear of the wrath of God,—an idea fostered by hearing Bible stories telling about the wrath of God falling upon the people who did

wrong.

It has always seemed to me a crime for parents to teach little children the stories of the Bible without explaining that they are allegories. If a man did a wrong it was never forgiven; and if he did a right it was not to be rewarded until he was dead. I call that mighty poor stuff to present to the mind of a child that is just beginning its life!

I remember when a little boy that I was strictly honest; that was before I knew there was anything other than truth. I was willing to believe everything that was told without question, until one day a child borrowed a plaything of mine with the promise to give it back and did not do so. About that time I heard there was such a thing as a lie, which was a pretty hard blow to an honest and innocent child, but the worst was still to follow.

A child is a questioner. I used to ask my parents a great number of questions that could not have been answered directly, and some

that could not have been answered at all; consequently I was put off with evasive answers with the intent to mislead and to keep me in ignorance of the short-comings of life as long as possible. When, by chance, I found out that I had been deceived by my parents it was almost more than I could bear. I was willing to admit that some children, or even some grown up people, might tell lies, but I was sure that my parents could not do such a thing. The highest ideal that a child has is to be found in its parents. When that ideal is lost there seems to be nothing else worth while. There are many things one has to get used to in this world, and a child can get used to them about as quickly as anyone. I soon got to know that there was a difference in lies; black lies were meant to injure people; and there were white ones that were called "fibs" that one could tell to keep from getting into trouble. Those little white fellows were the best kind to start using; we might tell one

of that kind to save our pants if we were not caught at it, and of course we never intended to be caught.

As I look far back into the days of my childhood, it does not seem to have been a very happy one, although there are many bright spots in it. Going out into the forest on a beautiful day in summer, hearing the birds sing and the squirrels chatter, helped to make these bright spots; or to spend the day at the babbling brook, and not fall in, helped to make more bright spots. All manner of disappointments (and there seemed to be many) made the dark spots. The one bitter disappointment was to have to give up what I thought I knew was best for me to have or to do, for something that someone else thought was best; and even though I afterwards found the new way to be the right way, just as surely did I know that I was right when the next dispute arose.

I did not value time and experience because I had never used them. I had not lived long enough to know what time is. I have learned from that little child to know that we do not know the value of that which we do not use. A little will do for a child but as we grow older we need more. If the body grows and develops the other qualities must also grow and develop to keep everything balanced. When I was a child I had my cares and worries; if it was not a sliver in the hand or foot it was a stone bruise or some other thing equally terrible. A child's mind is made of fine fabric and it takes but little to snarl it. From what I have been told, and I have no reason to doubt it, I took all child's diseases, such as measles and chicken pox; and I do not remember of being whipped or scolded then for taking what did not belong to me, but the suffering was much greater than it would have been if I had taken a piece of cake after being told not to do so, and got the

back-side of my pants warmed; that would pay the debt and the pain would soon be gone! There is nothing nice about being sick except the getting well when one is the pet of the household. At that time if any body gave me a word of kindness, I was willing to serve them time and again, but it was not easy to serve when spoken to in an unkind way, and the work was never well done when done under compulsion.

I remember also that it would make me very proud to be able to do some little thing entirely alone; to make or discover something all alone, or even to seem to learn something entirely a l o n e. I thought I was the only one in the world who knew it, and was in haste to impart the great discovery to some other person. It was always a disappointment to find out that others knew it long before, which marred my satisfaction with it and I must try again to find out something greater the next time.

My loves as a child were not very steadfast, being mostly of the emotional kind, but I have always loved love and hated hate. When we are all lovers of each in all and all in each the Will of God will be done on earth as in heaven.

Childhood and Youth

CHAPTER II.

The child has been found to have a great number of angles, dimensions or phases of character; so must the youth have equally as many. In youth they should become more highly developed. If the child is the springtime of life then it is the time of planting the seed. Youth must be the summer of life, the time when the greatest growth is made. Youth is the time for the greatest physical and mental development; it seems to be entering into a new state but always taking the child with it. In many cases the youth is an overgrown child.

It seems to me that my youth was the happiest part of my life up to the age of forty. Many changes were wrought in the conditions of the farm. There was a new frame house erected in place of the log one. There was a well sunken near the house. There were barns erected for the stock.

There was a great deal of land cleared and brought under cultivation. Much, however, remained virgin soil, and there were still large numbers of wild animals in the country.

The neighbors were not very close together at that time, and that made the school houses a long distance apart. The little log school that I went to was located about two miles from our farm. We had to go through the woods and over hills to get to it or to go many miles around if we followed the wagon road. School did not keep open the whole year; it was mostly closed in summer and open in winter. There was such a vast amount of snow at times that I was often obliged to stay away.

I was taught some at home but it did not seem to take the same kind of hold, or else I did not stick to it as closely as I would have done if I had been at school. On the whole I had very little real teaching, so that mental development was slow; moreover at that time I did not know the great

value of an education. I had never had an education and had never used one, so how should I know that there was any value in it? Apparently we have to use a thing to appreciate its value. Oh, yes, I was told it had a value, and I had been told a lot of other things that I had found to be untrue, so what was I to believe? Then again it was hard work to sit still for hours at a time with your nose in a book, and it was not easy to remember one of those crooked letters from another; the "p" and "q" looked nearly alike, how could a child remember which side of the stem the loop was on? There were lots of others that were just as bad.

Then the writing! Even though there was a copy-book it was hard and impossible to write anything that looked like the copy. Arithmetic was a torment for a long time, and I never did get so that I could spell. A child has to learn the names of everything and has to learn the meanings of everything. There is such a vast

amount of stuff thrown into a child's mind in a short time that it is no wonder that it does not always work accurately.

Going to a school as I had to, where all the grades were heard in the same room, it was not easy to keep my mind upon my work. Even with all the hindrances and disadvantages I managed to get a little general knowledge of things but not enough to take an equal place in the commercial world and make a success in business.

As a youth I liked to make bows and arrows out of the second growth hickory, to fish and to hunt small game of which there was plenty. There was always something to do in the woods; gathering sap from the sugar-maples in the spring; plum hunting and blackberrying in the summer, and nutting in the fall. It seems to me that I used to like the fall of the year the best for that was the time of the ripening of the nuts. The hazel-nuts were the first to be gathered; there were hazel bushes everywhere;

one could have all the hazel-nuts one wanted for the picking; then came the hickory-nuts, butter-nuts and the black walnuts. All one had to do was to go and knock them off the trees, put them into bags, and take them home. The trees were in the forest and the nuts belonged to those who got there first! There were also large numbers of nut-bearing trees so there was plenty of food left for the squirrels or any other wild animals that lived on nuts.

Those nuts were a joy to me in the long winter evenings sitting in front of a nice log fire. The wolves could howl as much as they liked, I was not so very much afraid inside the house; I shivered a little now and then when they seemed to be quite near.

When not at school I helped to do the work on the farm. I liked looking after the horses and cattle, except going for the cows after dark if they happened not to come home. I learned to harness

and bridle the horses when I had to stand on the manger to reach their heads. As for riding, both in the saddle and bare-back, I cannot remember when I did not know how.

When the neighbors live from one-half to a mile apart one does not have many playfellows, but after starting to school I soon knew quite a few boys of my own age.

I used to go swimming, fishing and hunting with them and we played games, such as jumping and wrestling. I never was a good wrestler nor fighter; I did not care to pound other boys' faces much better than I cared to have my own face pounded. I also became acquainted with some girls. I am sure I thought them the nicest things in the world, but I never told one so. I was so terribly bashful that I would rather die than sit in the same seat at school with one of them. I must have been something of a coward; afraid of the dark; afraid of the girls; and afraid to fight.

I regularly got my pants dusted if my parents found out that I had been fighting. It was hard to get a black eye from a boy and then go home and get fixed so that one would rather stand up than sit down for the rest of the day! There may have been times when I got a whipping when I did not deserve it, but I am quite sure there were times that I should have had one that I did not get. There was an old proverb at our house that went something like this: "spare the rod and spoil the child." I was brought up to reverence my parents at a distance; there was none of that real personal fellowship that is so dear in many homes. It may have been because we were frontier people or it may have been for some other reason, I do not know, and it does not matter now, I am only telling my own life story and do not want to try and tell another's.

There was no church in the neighborhood that my Dad believed in, so all I knew about religion I learned at home. Sab

bath was strictly observed; no work, no play, but stay in the house and read the Bible, or hear it read. Much time was given to the Old Testament wherein I found many things that were unreasonable when taken literally, but which I was required to believe and did believe for a long time after. I used to question some of these and was told that there were things that the people were not to know. That sort of answer fills a child's mind with superstition and gives him a wrong impression of the whole state of life.

I do not lay any blame on Dad; I know that he did what he thought was best for me. My mind questioned why the Tower of Babel was built in a valley when there were mountains thousands of feet high not far away. And how could the sun and moon stand still when we were taught at school that the earth spun steadily around on its axis? I am now of the belief that it would be better for children to be taught

the things that they can reason out.

I was taught that God was to be reverenced at a distance. I have asked where heaven is and have been told that it was away up beyond the stars, whence an unknown and undefinable creature ruled the world with a rod of iron, letting the people do wrong if they wanted to, then punishing them for not doing right. I knew that I did not always do right but it did not seem to make any difference, if I could keep my parents from finding it out. I believed a lot of things about God and His creation but I did not KNOW a single thing about them. Since I have learned to know and enjoy my fellowship with God, I have come to see that those who talk most about knowing God are merely pretending to know. But even this is the way we must all take before we really find Him.

Manhood

CHAPTER III.

If childhood is the spring time of life, and youth the summer time, manhood must be the autumn. The leaves of the spring time have faded and fallen to the ground. At this time in one's life there must be a gathering together into one place. What I had learned was all the inheritance I had. According to the Zodiacal sign under which I was born I came rightfully by a wandering disposition. This explains my coming to the Golden State of California. Not having any money I worked my way. It was a wonderful revelation to get into a land where the flowers bloomed the whole year, but that became commonplace in time.

I had always lived in a very small valley of life and I did not know the ways of the world. I found myself a bashful country boy in one of the large cities, without friends or money, and I

thought I was having a rather hard time, but at last I got a job that I was able to hold.

I worked until I had some money laid up when I got the mining fever and went to the mines. Not doing very well, I tried railroading and, tiring of that, went back into the mining business. I was mixing with a rough element and of course a young fellow will fall into the ways of those with whom he keeps company—at least, that is what I did.

After a number of years, I was enabled to accumulate several thousand dollars. I decided to take the money and start into business. Not having had a commercial training I foolishly put all my money into the venture and had nothing to fall back on while getting my experience; consequently I failed and lost everything. Some time after my business failure I returned once more to the mines.

It was at this time that a great change came over my life. I went to work one evening about five o'clock; at eight o'clock I was be-

ing carried out on a stretcher. While picking up some rock in the bottom of the tunnel, an unexploded blast went off under my feet, tearing up several hundred pounds of rock. I received such a shock from the explosion that I did not feel any pain at all when I recovered consciousness, which was very soon after the explosion. I was taken to the hospital about a mile away, where it was found that I had received some terrible injuries. I had a first-class doctor, good nurses, and everything that could be done was done for me.

At about 2 a. m. I once more recovered my senses; there was still no pain but I felt very small. It was so quiet that I was not sure whether I was alive or dead. I remembered being blown up and know that I had been severely injured. They did not tell me that I must die, but that is what they were expecting me to do. Some hours later I was burning up with fever and frantic with thirst. I asked for water but was told that I must wait, as I had been under

ether for more than three hours, and water might kill me. I begged and begged for water. It seemed as though I would rather die and have done with it than to endure that terrible thirst.

After some hours which seemed centuries to me, I was given a few drops of water, which caused violent vomiting. After some time I got so that I could keep the water in my stomach and then I felt easier for awhile. Although they had me shot full of opium I began to have pain. I must have lain in a stupor until the third night when it seemed to me that I was dying. I could neither cry out nor move hand nor foot, feeling myself sinking lower and lower, seeing all kinds of lights flashing through my head. I seemed to be divided trying to get back to myself. I was making a terrible struggle for life. I was afraid to die. I knew the things that I was seeing were not tangible and that I must do something at once or all would be over for me. There was a nerve in my brain that was

about ready to break. At last I made a sound and the nurse came to the side of my bed. As soon as I felt her hand there came a great sense of relief. I had been pulled out again just in time. I told her that I was afraid, would she stay with me for awhile? I could move my right hand just a little and would feel for the nurse's hand once in awhile during the rest of that night; if I touched it I knew I was all right.

It was so terribly still and dark. I did not ask to be allowed to see for I felt my eyes were bandaged. When I heard the other patients stirring around I knew that morning had come at last, and although it gave me no light, that frightful silence was broken. For some weeks my brain was on fire. In my delirium I saw my face as raw as a piece of beefsteak. It appeared to be a mask; it could be lifted and I could see my own face behind it. I got the impression that there had been two of us blown up at the same time and that the doctors were making a

test of our eyes. They pronounced mine gone but the other one could see all right. So long as I was in pain the conviction stayed with me that there had been another blown up with me and was lying in the bed with me, on the left hand side. That was the side that was hurt the worst. I could not move my left hand nor foot. I also had the impression that the other one had been more seriously hurt and was suffering more than I was, yet was not giving out a sound of complaint. I felt that if another could stand such suffering without complaint, I could stand it likewise—and I did!

I noticed the changing of the bandage on my eyes and thought the nurses darkened the room, but after about a month the bandage was left off altogether; and still there was no light! I asked the doctor why I was not able to see as there was no bandage over my eyes. He told me that I would never see again. It did not seem to be much of a surprise, I had been forewarned. Some time later

I was told that I had one thumb removed and my left leg laid bare to the bone. It had been found necessary to remove both eyeballs as they had been cut by small bits of rock.

Some time after I became rational and could get my thinking apparatus to working again. I realized that there was only myself that had been blown up, but nevertheless here in bed with me was still that something for which I could not account. I knew nothing of psychology or philosophy, and had no interest in religion of any kind for nearly twenty years. I had never reached over to see positively that there really was another in the bed with me, but I now knew positively that there was no human being there. I did not speak to anyone about it but I hoped with all my heart that it might go away. It had been with me nearly two months, when one morning on awaking I felt that it was gone. What a relief that was to me! My superstitious fears had been frightfully aroused. The

shock from the explosion had been great enough to disorder my brain and I was afraid that I might be permanently unbalanced. It was more than a year before I could bear to have my head touched.

The full horror of blindness did not make itself felt for the few months that I was compelled to keep my bed. There was always someone to feed me; to take care of me; to read to and to talk to me, so at that time I did not miss my eyes so very badly. When I was able to walk with someone to help me, I was afraid to move for fear of falling, and the fear increased when I tried to walk alone. There always seemed to be a yawning chasm just in front of me. Then it was that the full realization of my helplessness was forced upon me. There was long mental suffering to pass through which was fully as great as the physical had been. I could not reconcile myself to being blind; life did not seem worth while! I felt then that it would have been

much better if I had died. I had no hope at all for the future, but to be the inmate of some blind asylum.

After some months I was able to take short walks from the hospital when accompanied by some one. That was a diversion.

Six months or so after I had been in the hospital, I heard of an embossed system of reading. Through the assistance of a little friend who came to see me, I was enabled to learn the method in a very short time, all things considered.

The little girl who helped me to use the embossed type had long been a frequenter of the hospital, even before I was taken there. She came to bring the patients flowers gathered from the surrounding hills.

One day when I was out on the porch the nurse brought her over to where I was lying, and said, "Here is a little girl to see you, Charley." That was the beginning of a very agreeable acquaintance. Many times in my darkness

and depression she would come to the hospital with flowers for me and would stay and talk to me, or read until I would feel a great deal better. In those terrible dark hours the sunshine must needs be very bright to penetrate the darkness that surrounded me. When I was able to walk, the little girl would come to take me outside the grounds, at first a short distance only; but in time we had long walks together.

Throughout my stay in the hospital, the little girl came frequently to see me. Her visits were the brightest spots of my life while there. In less than a year from the time I was hurt, I was reading very well, which was, in a degree, a comfort to me for I had learned that I could do something, even though blind.

I entered the hospital March 1st, 1907. After long trying to get some money from the company I settled with them for eleven hundred dollars and left the place the next day, the 15th of January, 1909.

I went to Los Angeles but found it too large a place for me. I heard that Pomona, California, was a little city and I might do something there. I wanted to try to earn my own living. At that time I did not think of selling newspapers. I considered starting a little cigar stand, but there seemed no place for one, so I did not do that. After staying at the hotel for a couple of months I went to live with a family. I had some diversion but very little pleasure. It was always the same oppressive darkness. My depression was very great; at times almost unendurable. I often thought how much better it would be to die than to live. But this was before I had learned the larger life that turns our night of weeping into the day of rejoicing.

CHAPTER IV .

Not long after my arrival in Pomona, I met a student of science and m e n t a l suggestion, and through something he said, I became interested in the subject. He suggested several b o o k s that would help me in the work. I was able to procure the books and had someone to read them to me. The subject was so entirely new to me that it made a very deep impression upon my mind. In it was a promise that I might regain my sight.

That was the incentive that induced me to throw all the strength I could command into the matter. It was not long before I was in the midst of a new world of which I had never dreamed. The power of thought has an affect upon the body as well as the mind, causing a sense of ease or dis-ease in either case, through the law of reaction, according to the nature of the thinking . For example, take the

ordinary events of life, we are tempted to resent an injustice that has been committed against us. The thoughts of resentment and revenge act like poison to our system. But a few thoughts of forgiveness may come into our mind and counteract the ill-effects of the vengeful thoughts before they carry us into a state of despair. The thoughts that we think are the food of the mind. It is only good thoughts that will keep us healthy because the body always acts in sympathy with the mind.

The mind, being a servant of the Soul, must feed the Soul upon that with which it is fed and the Spirit must also share that with which the mind is fed. Here we are thrown back again upon the power of thought. We must recognize the fact that our thoughts make us what we are. It is no wonder that life took on a new and interesting aspect to me, with this new field of exploration being thrown open.

At first there semed to be very little change, if any, but like a drowning man catching at a straw, I was determined to know what there was in it, or die trying. Even though my temptations were many, I learned to think only kind thoughts towards the source of temptation.

After six months or so of this studying and putting into practice that which I was learning, I began to feel a great change gradually come over me. I did not know what the change was going to lead to and I did not care. I knew that it was something new in regard to the unfoldment of life. It seemed to me that I might have to die in order to come in touch with that new state of life; however, I was even willing to make that change, if it were necessary; if it would take me into a BETTER place. I had reached the point where, to grasp the truth, I was willing to pay the price at any cost.

It was on Christmas Day that the wonderful Thing happened: I went to bed about ten in the evening. I began to tremble; I was not cold and could not make out why I was trembling. Then it seemed as though all the thoughts that had ever passed through my mind began to fall from me like the stars falling out of the sky and leaving nothing but darkness! It seemed as though I ceased to think, but yet, I was conscious of all that was going on. As soon as the last star, or thought, had passed from my mind it seemed to me that the darkness was even denser than blindness, but yet there was the consciousness of the presence of Self, although entirely helpless as far as thinking or doing anything was concerned, with the exception of taking impressions. I had nothing to do with the events which followed, although I was wide awake.

I got the impression of passing through dark space in an upward direction at a great rate of speed,

which seemed a long time; I was just beginning to wonder if there was to be no end to the extreme darkness. All at once, without any warning, I shot out into a lighted space! I felt a surprise mixed with gladness and awe as I got the impression, 'THIS IS HEAVEN!' The light was of an orange hue; it seemed to be everywhere but its source was not evident. I had no sense of being blind nor had I any recollection of ever having been in that condidition. I began to look around.

It is hard to say what I saw first, for there was a great deal of confusion which seemed to last a long time. It seemed as though the earth had been lifted up very close to the large and beautiful stars, so close in fact, that I could almost reach out and touch them with my hand. There seemed also to be a great number of people talking all at once, yet no one was visible except myself.

After the confusion had passed, perfect silence prevailed, and I had a better chance to look about.

I was standing upon the earth looking out of a pair of perfect eyes; but the most peculiar thing about it was that I could see my back as well as my face. I could even see the color of my eyes. I was entirely nude but had no sense of being so.

As I stood looking about I did not realize any sense of time or space; all seemed to be "there and then". I did not think at all; it seemed as though I was feeling as well as seeing and hearing what was taking place around me. All at once I saw a new-born babe sitting on the ground at my feet. I looked at it very keenly and as I gazed at it, its head and face assumed the appearance of a man's, with a peculiar smile upon the face. It spoke these words, "YOU WERE LOOKING ALL OVER FOR ME AND I WAS HIDDEN WITHIN YOU." I got the impression at once that GOD was speaking to me. As the vision began to fade away I heard a voice say, "WE LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR."

I felt the full conviction that life was dual in all the different departments. I began to think once more. I noticed that I was lying in bed. The first great rush of thoughts were of my unworthiness. It kept running through my mind, "God has spoken even to me!" It would be impossible to tell how humble I felt.

The rest of the night I lay pondering over the wonderful experiences I had passed through. When morning came I was a little surprised to note that I could not see, but was glad for the first time since I became blind, that if it were necessary for me to be blind and yet see such wonders as I had seen, I was glad and even willing to be blind. It really seemed a small price to pay for the conviction and revelation of the Divine Presence.

After hearing the people stirring about the house, I got up, dressed and went into the living room to wait for breakfast. When it was prepared I went to the table but could not eat anything.

I asked to be excused and went out and sat on the front steps in the sun. I was thinking of the experience of the night before, with an overwhelming sense of humility. Among the members of the family with which I was staying, was a little girl three years old, who, after finishing her meal, came out and sat on my lap. Before one word had been spoken my face felt as though it was shining, and the fact was verified by the lttle girl exclaiming, "Oh, Charley, what is the matter with your face?" I asked her if anything seemed to be the matter with it and as I spoke the light instantly disappeared.

The little girl wanted to lead me around a great deal that day, so I went with her everywhere she wanted to lead me, as I felt that I could not do otherwise. I could not think of telling anyone what I had passed through, it seemed so sacred and to concern me only. In my mind it was something entirely separated from the natural every-day events of life.

After years of meditation and study I have found that that which I had experienced has everything to do with our every day life. I was really being taught of God. I had no power to think while in that condition. It was a state of consciousness c o n c e i v i n g the things that were later to be desired by the intelligence. In passing into a strange and unknown state of life one is always, at first, confused. Consciousness is the other hemisphere in life which science does not recognize as having any real share in life. The nudeness of the form was consciousness without being clothed with the intelligence. It is only when the natural intelligence has been added to the consciousness that there is an understanding of what really takes place. Consciousness separated from intelligence does not recognize time nor space, as there is nothing lacking, but, on the contrary, perfect completeness exists.

The intelligence requires time and space to work out and understand the perfection of the inner life. When one recognizes the duality of life one finds that there is a neighbor that needs our help as much as we need his. There must be an entering into the consciousness of the greater life on earth. It may come to one person in one way and to another in a different way; but all I know is that it came to me in the way that I am trying to explain in this book.

In the opening of this vision there was an ascension, but before the ascension took place came the falling away of every thought pertaining to the ways of the world. That was the passing away of the old world and the discovery of a new one. When this old world pased away, it took with it all my cares and nothing was left but the gladness and joy of the new. The whole aspect of life has undergone a complete change. All that had seemed gross and useless had taken on a new value.

The days and nights fly by on golden wings. The world within is greater and more glorious than the world without. Yet it is only by our human experiences in Time that the spiritual and eternal become to us real and familiar as the natural life. In sweet fellowship with the living loving God I am glad for all, because they must also, sometime and somehow, come into the land of Joy and Light Divine.

CHAPTER V.

On the second morning after the first vision, I was sitting in the living room reading one of my embossed books. It was one of the Books of the Bible. I was just reading a passage with the word Angel in it, when all of a sudden without any warning, I saw a vast number of figures clothed in white robes, bearing torches. They were descending and as they drew nearer they increased in number until the whole heavens were filled with them. When they came close enough I could see that their feet and arms were bare and that their faces wore a beautiful expression. They all entered into my head and in an instant I saw myself standing on the porch of a house facing the east. I was not thinking, only obeying the impulses which I received, and taking impressions. I could not say that I was a little to the north of the door, as everything seemed to be east; but I stood a little to the right hand side and faced it.

This time I was fully dressed, even to having shoes on but no hat. The light was that of the day, however no sun was visible, and it was not quite so bright as it would have been on a clear, sunshiny day, yet clear enough to see things plainly. The door was wide open and I was near a window but could not see anything within the house. As I stood there looking, I saw something floating out through the door and fasten itself upon the wall at my side, about shoulder high. I turned to see what it was. This is what I saw, spelled out in large gold letters, "HOLY FATHER", and as I turned back to the door once more I saw a number of very aged men coming out of the house; their hair and whiskers were long and gray, not pure white but a sprinkling of black and white; there may have been six or seven of them all having the .s a m e .appearance. They

reached from the edge of the porch to the door. When they were all out of the house they faced me, and I could see that they were fully clothed even to having on shoes, but they, too, were minus their hats. My impression was that these were the wise men, and throughout the vision I had the impression that God was in the house.

I turned from the house to look out upon a vast level plain that was stretched out before me. A vast multitude of people was gathered together on this plain and they were swaying to and fro in a terrible struggle. The wise men standing at my side, seemed to tell me, without speaking, that this represents a game of chess and all the players are living beings: I was impelled to want to know why this terrible struggle was taking place and I was made to look far beyond the people. Nothing was there, but I got the impression of a great vacuum. The vision passed from me as quickly as it had come and I was

still sitting on the chair with my finger on the same word "Angel" that I had been reading.

I was so filled with wonder and amazement at this second great experience that it was some time before my thinking organs regained their normal state. I did not leave my chair, but stayed and pondered many hours upon the strange condition that had so filled me with wonder.

Here I was again, thrown into, or carried into a foreign country or land, where there was a language without words. It is a language that must be understood through the operation of the understanding of the form-world representing the Universe of Qualities.

The double meaning of life becomes more evident to me as I labor with the problems that present themselves. Every object has a double meaning and one must have a very keen discernment to distinguish between them and get their true meaning. This new language (I call it the form

language) is not for any one person but for all humanity: this is the one language of all peoples and nations. The first vision shows the ascent out of darkness into light. In the second vision it was the light descending to dispel the darkness below. It is a GOOD thing to understand the full meaning of life and so long as we only understand a portion there will continue to be a consciousness of evil. The evil is the vacuum or lack of understanding in us that must, at last, be filled with the knowledge of all.

When we begin to recognize the duality of life, there seems to be two hosts at war against each other in our being. For a long time one is apt to think of them as the powers of good and evil, but, later on, becoming more able to grasp the inner meaning, it will be readily understood that it is the double nature of life that we are struggling to understand, and we must draw our strength from both the Natural and the Spiritual

sides to solve the greatest of all problems, LIFE!

Life might well be called a game of chess. There are many forms and characters brought into action; all the different characters have their own way to operate or move. The two players in a game of chess does not mean that one is evil and the other, good; they may both be good. The same power is in both players, the one trying to out-do the other in skill and brilliancy. Two players do not have to be enemies in order that they may show their best skill. On the contrary, it is a known fact that they like each other better for having put up a good game. In all the Sacred Writings and in many poets' works there is a continuous reference to these Two Hosts arrayed in battle formation. This is not the arraying of mortals, against mortals, but the arraying of the Immortal against the Immortal; God on the one side and man on the other; God pouring out His Spirit into Man

as he is able to use it. God does not put any more pressure upon man than he is able to resist or bear.

Life is a wonderful drama and one enjoys it more and more as one learns to know and understand the different characters that are brought into play from time to time. These characters, as one will find, are countless; but even though they are without number they can be known and understood and fully appreciated. This game of life is not something to be enjoyed for an hour or a day, because it is for ever going on; but the participants on both sides must be understood before the game can be full appreciated. Life is character and character is destiny. It was predestined at the beginning what the order of the creation should be. There was nothing left to chance or accident, although from the appearance the design may be taken for the creation.

There must be different forms to represent the different characters that are brought into action. All the great poets, artists, sculptors, playwrights, musicians, etc., have glimpsed this dual life to a greater or lesser degree. It is a great game to gain supremacy over the grosser or partial states that appear as life. When the form is taken for the character that it represents, life continues to appear gross and in a state of disease, which must continue until the full meaning of life has been revealed and understood from the dual standpoint: The beast, birds, fish, etc., cannot understand this great game of life; and it is only when humanity has learned to know and understand the true character of life, that they will have gained the dominion over the beasts, and in fact over all animal life.

There must be much patient toil and humble searching to understand this language, without words, and yet there is always a sense of pleasure at each new dis-

covery that is made from day to day. It never becomes monotonous nor tiresome, as it keeps one for ever on tiptoe of expectancy.

The true characters in the great drama of life are clamoring to be understood as our poor power is clamoring to understand them; yet with the din and confusion which presents itself at the first awakening of the duality of life operating in us, it is very discouraging, and that is the time of the greatest temptation of our life. We are tempted to turn back, but it is said of those who turn back, that their condition will then be worse than before.

The longer one plays at the game of life the better one becomes acquainted with one's antagonist through the exercise of the characters that are brought into service. As one gets better acquainted with the form language and can tell what character is going to be brought into play by the form that appears, one knows how to resist it. It is through resistance that we learn

to develop our faculties to the highest degree.

It is said we are not to resist evil, but it does not say that we are not to resist good; it is only by such resistance and striving to overcome the good, that at last we are overcome by the good and then it is we have no sense of evil. One's love and admiration become very great for one's antagonist as one gets deeper into the game and the veil which divides the players becomes thinner. As soon as man is able to play the game with the same understanding that God is playing it, the veil will be rent and the mystery of life will be solved.

In the first vision it was a mere game of hide and seek; a child's game. That is our first entrance into the game to seek and find out the meaning of life; while the second vision shows man, becoming conscious of the life of God passing over into his being; and this is compared to a game of chess. It is no longer a child's game but requires a very highly developed

intelligence to play it with skill, and one must watch the moves of his antagonist with the greatest care so as to know how to move to the best advantage.

The point of supreme importance is to learn to be very quiet and watchful at the play of the Divine Consciousness in our consciousness, so as to grasp the Divine Intent and, at the same time, fearlessly receptive of the operation. This receptivity will fit us to make the next move before us in our natural lives wherein we are not to become God but like unto God.

Full Growth of the Other Life

CHAPTER VI.

Just three days after I had the first vision, (almost to the very hour) as I was going to bed on the evening of the 28th, I had just gotten into bed when I was transported, or found myself walking out of a cloud into a lighted space. It was the pinnacle of a mountain with a cloud hanging down to the ground and all the way around the top, with only a small lighted space at the very top. As I stepped out of the cloud into the lighted space I saw my own form standing at the top of the mound in the center of the lighted space. My first impression was of wonder and amazement, and as I looked, the impression came over me that it was God who stood before me clothed in my own form. At that I fell with my face to the ground to do reverence to my God! Instantly, so quickly that it was not perceptible, I was lifted into a seat in the cloud

somewhat above the top of the mound; and as soon as I saw that I was above the other figure I quickly jumped down, and started to walk down the side of the mound, with the feeling that I would take the lower place; but as I went down I found myself at the top and it was the other form that was going down. The change had been quicker than thought. Then again the change was made and the other was at the top of the mound with the right arm extended; I walked up and stood at the right hand side of the other figure, and as I did, I got the impression, "WHERE THERE IS PERFECT EQUALITY THERE IS NO CONTENTION," then the two forms merged into one and I stood alone and as the vision faded I got the impression of unfinished labor.

Even though I had two previous visions I was as much awestruck at this one as I had been at each of the other two. I noticed in this vision, as I did in the two others, that I always appeared the

same in the face as I had looked about thirty years of age. The face was clean shaven and always had the same calm unchanging aspect.

During the time I was having the visions, I slept very little and for some time after, my sleep was only for a few hours at a time and then it was mostly in the day time. For a number of days (I cannot say how many) I felt a peculiar sensation. It seemed as if I were a scroll that was being unrolled and many new and wonder things were being revealed to me, which were written on the scroll.

The things with which I was especially impressed did not seem to have anything in common with what was goin on in the world, and at first I told no one what I had experienced; but later I gave a few sketches of my experience to several people. Some said that I was dreaming; others, that I must have imagined them; but there was none who saw any value in the things of which I spake.

One of the impressions that I received during this period was, that the human body was a miniature representation of the Universe. Every organ and bone must be in its proper place, in order that the whole system should work in harmony; however, at that time I did not see where there was any connection between the human body and the visions which I had seen. I also got the impression that there were seven senses, and that the sixth was the sense of understanding and the seventh, the sense of wisdom.

At that time I received a vast number of other impressions, but they all seemed so strange and new to me that I did not know what to do with them or how to use them. I was reading portions of the Bible every day and it was not so very long before I could discern the difference between a promise and its fulfilment. The visions I had were a promise of the ways and means to an end, but not the end itself. I kept on

reading the Bible and had a number of other books read to me, as I was eager to find some book that might help me to clear up the mystery. I felt very much alone in the world having no one with whom I could talk over these wonderful things. I kept on laboring and praying, even weeping in times of despair. It did not seem possible that I could ever clear away the dense cloud that hung over me.

One day about two years after I had the visions, I heard of a book called "The Unsealed Bible" written by George Chainey, of Burnett, California. On procuring the book and having some of it read to me, I knew it was going to be the very help I needed. It has helped me greatly to get my scattered ideas grouped together. For a long time the visions that were so close to me at first, gradually receded until they almast seemed in vain; but after a few years they drew closer again, and as they did so they revealed their true meaning by gradual unfoldment. We

know that a problem or subject that is not understood is clouded, but it soon clears up if the understanding is powerful enough to pierce it.

Man's understanding of life must be lifted up until it is equal to meet and solve every problem. So long as some things are high and others low, there can never be equality. We read that we are not to have any unequal weights or measures in our household. Our household consists of the different qualities of character and we must learn to give them equal place and value in our thoughts and affections. When the truth of life is fully manifested in Man, his understanding will be godly or like unto God's. Our love will be impartial and equal when the true character of love is revealed in us. When man's knowledge of God is complete through obedience thereto, life within and without will be one and yet two, and action and reaction will be in perfect balance.

Although man gains all his knowledge and understanding of life, partial and fragmentary, there is no condemnation for this, as it is only when there is no further growth nor development that disease and decay set in. So long as there is growth, there is health. Progress is the watchword in the order of the creation of Man in the image and likeness of God, and there is nothing that can stand in the way of this mighty chariot. It is ever going forward with undiminished speed.

For example: A man has a piece of ground one hundred feet square; he wants to erect a ten-story building on that site. He first goes to an architect and builder and gives him a general idea of what he wants. The architect draws a design of the structure, and he specifies how strong and secure the foundation must be to support the building; showing what class of material must be used; also, how much material of each kind is required. He finds out the cost of the material and

knows how much each workman can do in a day. He knows what each workman will have to be paid for his labor; and in that way the architect will know what it will cost to finish the structure, even though the structure itself has not been begun. There must be a great variety of workmen employed; masons, stone-cutters, carpenters, metal workers, glaziers, plumbers, etc. These men all work together as one.

The architect knows just how long it will take to complete the structure when he has all the material at hand and has all the laborers that he can use; but the workmen do not know when it will be finished, but they keep on faithfully working until the end. Then, even the workmen feel a certain pride in the beauty and completeness of the finished structure. The designer and builder could not erect the building without the laborers and the laborers could not erect it without the architect and builder.

Here we find the law is equalized between the designers and the laborers. The same law applies to the creation of Man in the image and likeness of God; God is the Designer and Master Builder; the Substance to be used are the Character and Substance of the Life of God. Man's understanding must be lifted up until it is like unto God's in order that man may know what is the full and complete design of life.

When the design of life is revealed the design is inevitably, at first, taken for the creation; and many claim such perfection while the material for the creation is in a chaotic condition; but after a time of temporary rest there is an awakening to the fact that it was only the design of the creation that was seen, but there is a conviction that there will be nothing lacking in the final result with God's co-operation. This is Man entering into God and finding that to be his true home, is also to lose oneself in God.

There must be also a house for God to dwell in, which is the real creation after the order of the design. There must be a descent from lofty heights to earth that the life of God, which is called Christ, may be built up within, through the perfect understanding, which is called Jesus, which is also called the only begotten of the Father. The building up of Christ within, every bone to his bone, clearly denotes that God is not revealed all at once but must be built up by degrees; and the understanding is called the carpenter and also the master-builder who is equal to God in understanding.

God dwells in man when all the attributes of God have passed over into man and brought chaos into harmony. Each attribute must be brought to rest in its proper place, so that Man may give expression to the life and character of God as God gives expression to the life and character of man. If man had been created as a design and had taken no part in the cre-

ation, he would have been ready-made like a doll; something to give joy for a time; to be wearied of soon, as there could not be the reciprocal love that makes all things equal. If man had not shared in the pain and trial of the creation he could not have shared in the glory of the creation. Man is to find peace and rest in God when God finds peace and rest in Man.

The house of God is called "Habitation of Peace". Finding the habitation of peace on earth is an individual work, and the full joy of it cannot be shared with one who has not found it.

Soon after having these visions the conviction was forced upon me that the night was to be turned into day and the day into night. At that time it seemed quite impossible that such a thing could be done; but later it was revealed to me how it was to be accomplished. When awake the intelligence is active,—that is called the day; and when we are asleep the natural intelligence is inac-

tive; we do not think or cognize what is going on around us, yet there are times of dream, generally of something we had not been thinking about. Sleep is a state of consciousness: a time when one is receptive to the Divine Activity; when the human becomes passive the Divine becomes active; these are the positive and the negative. The Divine Intelligence being the greater light, turns the night into the day and the day into night. Of man made whole and complete—a Holy City —or Habitation of God—it is written: "And there shall be no night there."

Peace and Rest

CHAPTER VII.

When one has an enormous task to perform, there will be a long period of worry on account of the uncertainty of its accomplishment; but when the ways and means have been opened and there is no further doubt as to its accomplishment, there comes a sense of rest, although the task itself is yet to be performed.

Some perform a task because they feel it their duty to do it, although its performance may be distasteful: To perform a task under the compulsion of duty does not bring complete peace to the doer. To bring perfect peace there must be a willingness to perform its task for its own sake; when this is the case there is no thought of reward, and if there is no reward there is no disappointment. This is a free-will offering and peace must result from the sacrifice made. The most blesed offering that the human

can offer on the altar of justice is to do right; to do right is to make right division between the human and the Divine. There must be nothing claimed for the human that belongs to the Divine; and there must not be given to the Divine that which belongs to the human. For a long time, this is sought out by labor and love alone, but later, the illumination comes with its great flood of light and all is made clear.

The human body has many parts and each part has its own work to perform; each part must be understood separately, yet there is but one body. To make right division of the body does not mean that it is to be dissected, but to know the name of each part and its function in the whole. There are the hands, the arms, the shoulders, the head, the neck, the back, the feet, etc., all spoken of and thought of separately, but there is no real division of the body.

The same law applies to the character of life as a whole. Each

phase of character and its function must be understood separately, that all may be understood together.

Mr. Chainey, in one of his books, gives a beautiful description of the Tree of Life and its twelve manner of fruits. First is the division of spirit, body, soul and mind. The Spirit is the root; the Mind is the stem; the Body is the branches and the Soul is the leaves and fruit. He also gives the twelve manner of fruits as Law, Truth, Love, Obedience, Prayer, Discernment, Sight, Hearing, Touch, Desire, Labor and Illumination. When the student takes up the task of solving the mystery of life, desire for knowledge will be the first seed that will take root.

There must be a desire for the spiritual life before there can be any permanent growth. Like the root it must grow in the dark, seeking for the waters of consciousness to renew its vitality. All the other fruits or phases of character must take the same

course, for there must first be a root before there is a stem.

When the root is established, there is a pressing upwards towards the light; this is the operation of the intelligence in the Mind. The Mind, through the operation of the intelligence, becomes very strong and powerful; the branches are thrown out in every direction. The body must have the vitalizing influence of the spirit and mind in order to bear the everlasting fruit of the soul.

It is the leaves of this Tree of Life that is for the healing of the nations. The nations are the different degrees of development that take place before the whole meaning of existence has been revealed. These must die in their partiality to make room for the whole expression of life.

It is said there is no salvation by the law; that to know the Law, does not save. The Law must be associated with Truth and all the other qualities of life; through that means the Law is saved.

Truth must be associated with Law and all the other qualities of character to be saved from itself.

There are many things about life that seem to be true, which on further investiagtion prove to be only partially true. They are true so far as they go, but if they are not lived up to, they are not true according to the Law. It is unlawful for one to know the Truth and not to live it. Although Love is a mighty agency in the work of creation, it becomes unlawful when we let it fill our being to the neglect and ignorance of the other values of which life is composed. Just to live and to love does not solve the problem of life.

All the separate qualities of character must be evolved through each of the others, so that each is found in all and all is found in each. That is what is really known as the evolution of life. To become conscious of the value of these things, they must be brought into actual service until they become the fruit of the Body, Mind and Spirit as well as the

fruit of the Soul.

The things that Man can do for himself are the things that Man must do for himself. The things that Man cannot do for himself God will do for him, and it will be done quickly. Life is not something to be destroyed but rather something to be enjoyed. The reason it is not fully enjoyed is because it is not understood that all life is composed of the Substance of God and is, therefore, indestructible. Merely taking this as a scientific fact does not bring the lasting peace. Although it may bring temporary rest, it is only when the body is conscious of the Spirit's life, through Sight, Hearing and Touch, that there come the peace and rest that nothing can disturb, and the joyous conviction that all is well.

Humanity has learned the law of self-preservation; that is also a Divine law, and in it none of the values of life are wasted or lost. when man's efforts have been crowned with God's giving, there is nothing held back. It is the

whole life of God given into Man's keeping, called "ruling with God", but before this takes place Man must learn to rule himself. To condemn another is to show lack of self-rule, for by the law of reaction your condemnation is of yourself. The salvation that is for one, must of necessity include all, as all life is of one substance.

God is the Unmanifest and can only be known and understood as It is brought into manifestation. It is the Manifestation of God that is the Man in the image and likeness of God.

A couple of years or so after having those visions, I was compelled to find some means of support or to go to the State Institute for the Blind. It did not appeal to me to be confined in a home for the blind, so I took up newspaper vending for a living. I found after I became accustomed to the work, that it was a great relief to me. It not only settled the question of ways and means of obtaining food and clothing, but also gave me a change. Too much mental labor without physical

labor, becomes very fatiguing, as well as too much physical labor becomes fatiguing without mental labor. It is only when physical labor reveals its spiritual side, and mental labor reveals its moral side that there is equality in labor, and it ceases to be fatiguing. When the supply is equal to the demand there is no sense of weariness, even though the exertion is very great and fought with much difficulty. It is the extremes and excesses that weary the laborer. When one is able to divide one's labor to the equal good of all the values of life, there will be no further sense of fatigue, as there will be no further cause for complaint.

The Mind may be content when the knowledge of life is gained, but the Soul complains until that which is known to be right has been done. The reward of an achievement is not gained through the knowledge of it but in the doing. To know a thing may be to talk of it, but the doing of a deed will speak louder than words.

The reason for the great mystery of life, is that the darkness has been taken for the light, while the light has been rejected and shunned because of its dark and mysterious aspect; for that reason humanity has taken the promise for the fulfilment. Humanity claims the creation to be finished, whereas, God's promise is that Man, when created, is to have the image and likeness of God. Therefore, through the unfoldment of the double life, there is full and complete compensation for all that is lost or lacking in the Natural.

God says He will pursue wickedness—and that means one sidedness—until there shall be none. If He cannot win us by attraction He will gain all at last by the refining sufferings that wait upon every wrong way. All must arrive. The Almighty Will has predetermined every element that must at last, by many means, be incorporated into the perfected life of Humanity. Then life will be equal on every side, and this is the only meaning of The Holy

City, the chosen Habitation of God; man living in God by the beauty and completeness of his love and service for Each in All and All in Each, and God made visible in all this glorious beauty of Universal Love and Service.

The End.

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